

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. —EDITOR.—

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JANUARY 15, 1906.

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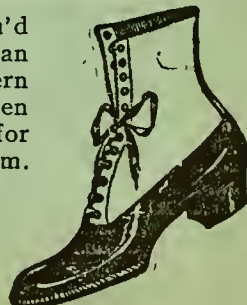
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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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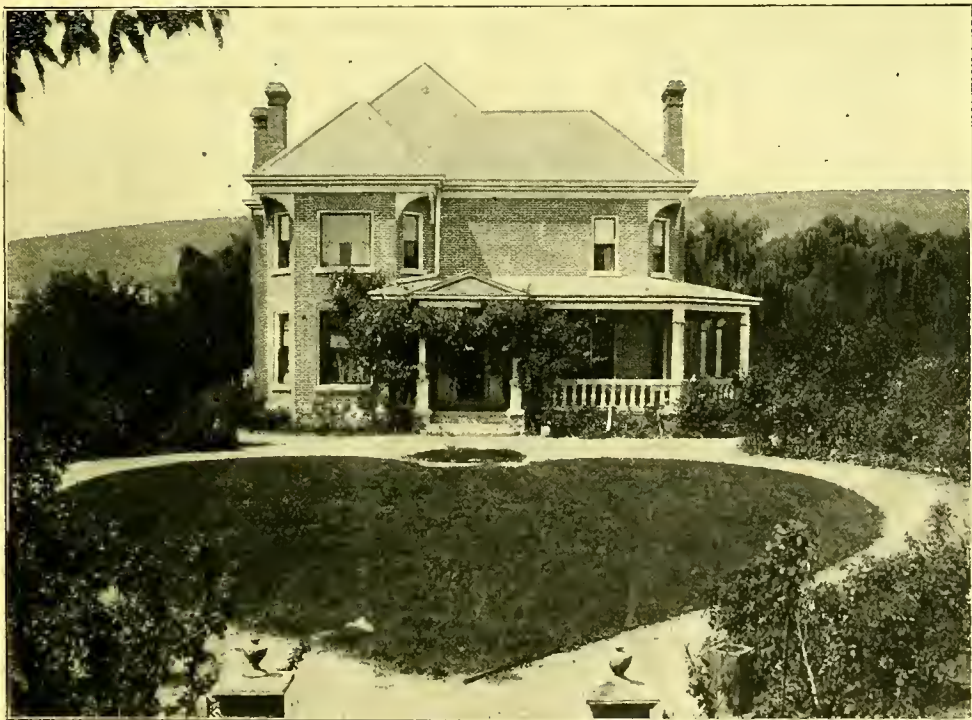
COLONIA JUAREZ.

II.

IN the early settlement of the town, unusual hardships were encountered. Each step was one of experimentation. Alfalfa fields were planted, grain was sown, orchards were started, all with the hope that success would crown their efforts. But grain does not grow with thrift in the land; perhaps later, when the soil has been enriched by the growth

of alfalfa, better crops of wheat may be had.

Juarez, however, is more noted for its orchards and its vineyards. A great variety of vegetables may be had; sweet potatoes of most excellent flavor, and even the peanut will grow. The great scarcity of fruit throughout northern Mexico and the southern boundary of the United States makes it a luxury for which people must pay. In Mexico, (where money which



RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT A. W. IVINS.



THE JUAREZ ACADEMY.

is one-half the value of ours, but which requires about as much to earn as if it were an American dollar,) the prices are about as follows: Apples, six cents a pound; peaches, one to one and one-half cents per pound; grapes, nine cents per pound; and prunes, three cents per pound. Nor are wheat and vegetables any cheaper in proportion. Flour costs \$8.00 per hundred; potatoes, Irish, four cents per pound, and sweet, five cents per pound; lucern hay, \$20.00 per ton in Mexican money.

Within the town, land is quite expensive; and beyond it there are no large tracts of country that can be cultivated owing largely to the fact that water for purposes of irrigation is very scarce. In mid-summer the river is almost dry.

The cattle industry adds something to the general wealth and prosperity of the colonists; but of recent years the drouth has almost wholly cut off this revenue derived in the earlier years of the settlement. The past year has witnessed more rainfall

and the cattle are again thriving. With an abundance of rain the cattle industry would be a source of enormous revenue.

What makes Juarez most attractive is its educational facilities. As soon as the colonists had built the first houses, they organized a school the different departments of which were held at first in private houses. Later a meeting house was erected, so as to serve the double purpose of worship and education. It was enlarged into a two-story brick school house. An academy was organized and Juarez was made an educational center for the stake of the Church bearing the same name. There are towns scattered over a stretch of country of perhaps two or three hundred miles. From all parts the young men and the young women come to receive in Colonia Juarez the benefits of its educational system, which has become, under the supervision of Prof. Guy C. Wilson, one of the best in the Church.

Throughout all the colonies in Mexico

the elementary schools are Church schools and are supported by the voluntary contributions of the people, which are levied on the principle of an income tax, each man paying in proportion to his earnings. The academy, however, is maintained wholly from the appropriations made by the General Church Board of Education.

The old buildings, a year ago, were found wholly inadequate to the needs of the school, and the people, with their characteristic spirit, began at once the erection of a beautiful academy building, which has just been completed. The architecture and construction of the building are the products of local talent. The school house itself has seventeen rooms, among them a beautiful assembly hall, a library and reading room, laboratory, and modern conveniences for conducting an excellent institution of learning.

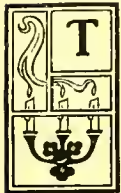
The fact that the Juarez stake of Zion has had Church schools from the primary grade to the academy has been very potent in creating a moral atmosphere that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world. The young men and women are exemplary in their habits and temperate in their lives. It would be a rare thing, indeed, to hear profanity, or to see young men smoke. The schools also promote a high standard of

faith among the young, whose Church organizations are sustained with uncommon devotion and patriotism.

In concluding, it may be said that there are very few communities in the Church where so many beautiful homes have been built and are now in course of erection. The wonder of it all is the people who came to the land empty-handed have been able to show such marked improvements in the face of such overwhelming difficulties. No doubt much of the improvement is due to the example of President Ivins, who proceeded, immediately after his arrival to erect a beautiful home, lay out lawns and walks, which he adorned with roses, dahlias, chrysanthemums and shrubbery that decorated its surroundings. His beautiful orchard and well-kept vineyard, his walk beneath the weeping willows, and all his home surroundings, have been an example and an inspiration to the colonists, who are imitating the example of their leader. Along the hills that border the town on both sides, canals have been constructed. From these canals water is run here and there into large cemented tanks, which constitute, with the pipes leading from them to the several homes, miniature water works.

J. M. T.

AN AGED VETERAN OF THE SIKH AND AFGHAN WARS.



THE men who took part in the War of the Rebellion are growing year by year fewer and fewer, and survivors of the Crimean war between Great Britain and Russia are still rarer to find. But we have in Utah at least one man who was engaged in the wars of his country at a much earlier date, and who was a soldier of the Queen of England sixty-three years ago. We speak

of Elder Levi A. Cox of Hooper, Weber County.

Brother Cox was born at Swineshead, Lincolnshire, England, July 7, 1825. At the early age of seventeen (26th Nov., 1842,) he enlisted in the British army, joining the 90th Regiment of Infantry at Dublin, Ireland. But we will let Brother Cox tell his own story. He says:

"After a two years' stay in Ireland, I went home on a furlough, returning to my

regiment, the 1st Battalion, 60th Royal Rifles at Ferme, into which regiment I had exchanged from the 90th Regiment. I learned my rifle drill at Ferme, and was promoted to be lance corporal. Not long after we embarked at Cork for the East Indies on the ship "Neptune." She took four hundred out of our nine hundred men. This was in the year 1844. The voyage was a very rough one, and after we rounded the Cape of Good Hope we were caught in a bad storm. The ship lost all of her masts and rigging and lay there like a tub in the water for fourteen days. Then we ran to the Isle of France or Mauritius, an island near Madagascar on the East African coast. We stayed on this island a month until the ship was repaired. Before landing at Mauritius the colonel assembled his men on deck and told us that



LEVI A. COX.

wines and liquors were very cheap on the island and if any one of us got drunk, we should be punished.

"There was an English regiment stationed there, which was preparing to receive us and they gave us a big dinner, where they had lots of wine.

Quite a few of us drank too much. I was one of them, and the next day we were brought before the colonel and I lost my stripes and was put back to be a private soldier.

"We remained on the island a month on duty guarding convicts who were working on the roads.

"Mauritius formerly belonged to the Dutch, then to the French, and at the time I was there was in the possession of the

English, who kept a regiment of soldiers there. Port Lewis, the chief town, is well fortified and is a beautiful place, as you enter the harbor. The climate is quite warm.

"Our ship was the first to leave Cork, but the last to arrive in India. We were five months from the time we left Cork until we reached Bombay. Then we had to take cotton boats to sail up the river; next a two days' march to join the other portion of our regiment at Poona. Poona had quite a garrison of soldiers. We were there about eighteen days when war broke out at Lahore.

"Our regiment was ordered to go up the country and join the Bengal army in the campaign. We were marched back to Bombay and there took steamers to Karachi in the Scinde country. Our regiment joined an army corps that was being formed there, which was known as the Bombay army. (The Bengal army being at Lahore fighting). While we were forming at Karachi the war ended at Lahore and the Bombay army was ordered to remain at Karachi, which was a desert country by the river Indus. We remained there three years with a large number of soldiers of all kinds, — cavalry, artillery and infantry. Here I was again made corporal through the influence of the captain of our company, who came from Lincolnshire. While in Karachi we were under the command of Sir Charles Napier, our regiment being commanded by Colonel Dundas. Before leaving, I was promoted to full corporal with more pay.

"In 1848 the Punjab war broke out and we were ordered to join the Bengal army, which was then fighting at Multan. It had been driven back by the enemy, and had to await our arrival. Colonel Dundas commanded our corps in the march up the country. The commanding officer of the Bengal army at Multan was General Whish. After joining General Whish we advanced upon the enemy and drove them into the

fort and city, and then commenced to bombard them. It took twenty-seven days and nights, throwing shot and shell continuously ere we made a breach through the wall. We then stormed the place, which cost the lives of a great many men. This happened in January, 1849. At this time Shere Singh, a Sikh prince, an ally of the British, was sent down with three thousand men to help us at Multan; on his arrival he turned to the enemy, entered the Punjab country,

"At Gujerat, a large city in the Punjab country, we had a hard battle lasting from 7 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, February 21, 1849, the Sikhs retiring. We followed the next day, but did not meet them again in battle until the seventeenth day at Rowel Pindee, where they surrendered, releasing Sir Henry Lawrence and family, whom they had taken prisoners. After this surrender we marched up to Peshawer, in the Cashmere country,



BOMBAY, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

and there raised a large army of Sikhs, all great fighters. After taking Multan, we left a garrison of soldiers and our heavy guns, and marched into the Punjab against the Sikhs. I was fighting all through the Punjab war in 1848-9, under General Lord Gough, commander-in-chief.*

* Two wars occurred between the British and the Sikhs. The Sikhs invaded British territory in December, 1845, and were defeated in the battles of Mudki, Ferozshah, Aliwal, and Soobraon. Lahore was taken by the British, and peace was concluded March 9, 1846. The second war began with the massacre of British officers at Multan, in April, 1848. A drawn battle at Chillianwalla was followed by a British victory at Gujerat, which completely broke the power of the Sikhs, and led to the annexation of the Punjab to British India. The Sikhs were members

against an Afghan army and drove them through the Khyber Pass.* We camped

of a community, partly political and partly religious, founded near Lahore, about the year 1500. They were a sect based on the principles of the existence of but one God and the brotherhood of mankind.

* Rugged and fierce-looking rocks and caverns, beetling crags and towering mountains, form the chief features of the Khyber Pass. It is one of nature's gateways. A race of men, no less fierce and forbidding than their own rocky fastness, inhabit the country around, and are apt to come down from the hills in swarms to attack and pillage any party of travelers, or even soldiers, who pass that way. Their method of warfare is to creep along behind the huge boulders of rock, and to fire from their place of concealment on their victims.

in front of the pass for several days, and then returned to Peshawar, remaining there during the winter of 1849. In the spring, part of the troops were selected from us to fight the independent tribesmen, who occupied the passes in the mountains, our regiment furnishing a number; these picked men were led by Colonel Bradshaw, and Sir Colin Campbell became commander of the troops. During this campaign in the mountains we saw some very hard fighting. These people were fighting for their homes, the British destroying their homes and cities because they would not submit to pay tribute to England.

"In 1850 our regiment was called down the country to a health station in the hills

called Russowlie. There I had an offer to become sergeant, but as I had saved some money with the intention of going home, I declined. Had I accepted it would have taken all my money to buy sergeant's clothing and join the mess. Instead of doing so, I bought my discharge, it costing me £15. I was obliged to pay my passage home, cash down, before they would give me a discharge, the amount being £18. As there were some invalids to be sent to Calcutta, the Colonel instructed me to take them down and the discharge would follow after me, as it had not yet arrived from the commander-in-chief. So we started, and I received it at Murrett. Leaving Murrett, we went to the river



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION NEAR BOMBAY

Ganges. There we took boats covered with bamboo; the rooms we lived in for two months were made of rushes. We sailed down the river in the daytime and camped on the banks at night, when we cooked our food for the next day's use. As we traveled we passed many fine towns and temples. At Cawnpore on the banks, I saw the well into which so many women and children were thrown, until it was filled up with them, during the Sepoy mutiny, which occurred after my return to England.

"At length we arrived at Fort William, Calcutta, at which place I saw the leaders of the Sikh army held as prisoners. The money given for my passage home was sent to the commanding officer at Calcutta, for him to see me safe out of the country. I went to the Marines Register ticket office and registered as an ordinary seaman, February 21, 1851, to work my passage home. I received my passage money back. With it I bought a sailor's chest and a lot of clothing. I shipped on board the "Buckinghamshire," a large merchantman, indeed the largest boat sailing from Calcutta at that time. She was towed out of Calcutta Harbor by a steamer for two days, then she anchored to wait for the tide next morning. About ten o'clock that night she took fire in the forehold. I was sitting on my chest looking at the clothes I had purchased, when I was driven upon deck by the smoke. I then started to help throw water from the ship's hold, until we were driven back by the smoke. I made a rush for my chest to get some things when the flames broke out all around me. Making my way back, I got on deck just as they commenced to nail the hatchways. I narrowly escaped being nailed down below with five Polish soldiers who were burned to death. The wind was blowing aft; the smoke was terrible. They cut the cable and let her swing around, hoisting the flying jibs to let her drift towards an island called Dimonde Harbor. She grounded

several miles from land, the fire steadily increasing. I tried to make my escape by getting a barrel and tying a rope around it. I threw it into the water, when it slipped out from the rope. I afterwards got the poop ladder, lowered it down with a rope, then fastened the rope solid to the ship, then with a knife in my mouth I slid down the rope. I got my feet between the steps of the ladder, still holding fast to the rope. I cut it next to the ladder, it leaving me holding to the rope in the water up to my chin. I was in this position some ten or fifteen minutes calling for help, as the fire was bursting out around me, when my comrades, hearing me, pulled me upon deck again. A number jumped overboard and were drowned. After the ship grounded a few boats came from the island; they took the women and children off first. Some women, as the boats came up, jumped into them from the poop, which was very high above the water. One woman broke both her ankles by jumping into a boat. At last some boats came to the end of the ship and we lowered ourselves into them. The fire still increasing rapidly, the captain was the last to leave the ship. When all the others but him had left, he returned to his cabin to get his papers. He remained there while the fire came out of the cabin door. He then climbed out of his window into a boat that was waiting for him. Soon after the ship burned to the water's edge.

"We remained on the island until the next morning, when a steamer came and took us back to Calcutta. I had only a pair of white overalls and a white shirt on; no shoes, no hat, no coat. I lost everything I possessed. I was taken to a home for shipwrecked sailors. The good people of Calcutta supplied us with clothing, so we got along very well. I remained in the home fourteen days. I then shipped, this time on the ship "Marion," of London, as an ordinary seaman, to once again work

my passage home. We sailed from Calcutta on the 14th of March, 1851, and had a very good voyage. I worked as a common seaman about one month. The steward of the ship did not suit the captain, so he sent him to work as a sailor and his assistant was put in his place, while I took the assistant's job. I had a good place the rest of the voyage, having good food, which was a treat on so long a voyage. Thanks to the captain, through changing my position from seaman to steward. I had a little money coming to me when I was discharged from the ship on August 26, 1851, in London, after an absence from home of over nine years."

After staying two weeks in London, Brother Cox went home to his parents in Lincolnshire. There he found that during his absence his mother had become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in which he also became interested.

Brother Cox obtained a situation at the Middlesex County Asylum. There he met the lady who afterwards became his wife. They were married October 2, 1853. In about a year they moved to London, and he engaged with Professor Pepper at the "Polytechnic Institution."

Being already well convinced of the truthfulness of Mormonism, he became desirous that his wife should also be converted to the Gospel. She was about this time taken very ill, and through the labors of the Elders and the blessings of the Lord, she was also converted, and they were both baptized, February 22, 1857, by Elder

Caleb Summerhays and confirmed by Elder William Longhurst, in the Westminster branch. Sister Cox gradually got better from this time on, and after about eight years, Brother and Sister Cox started for Zion, sailing from London on the ship "Amazon," June 14, 1863. They arrived in Salt Lake City, October 12, of the same year. Their first home was made in Franklin, Idaho. After living there about three years, they moved to Wilson's Lane, near Ogden. He then engaged in work on the Hooper Irrigation Canal and moved to Hooper in 1868, where he built one of the first houses that was built in that place.

Brother Cox has held various positions in the ward, and has always been an active worker in the Church. He was president of the 5th Elders' Quorum of Weber Stake for about fourteen years, and is now a High Priest. His wife died a faithful companion and Latter-day Saint, August 21, 1885.

His eightieth birthday was very fittingly celebrated by his children and grandchildren, now numbering eighty, who assembled at the home of his son-in-law, Brother A. D. Fowers, on July 7th last, and joined heart and hand to do honor to one they loved.

Several others engaged in these campaigns in India, like Brother Cox, later in life embraced the Gospel. Among the best known of these were Elder Matthew McCune, of Nephi, who was a captain and later a major of artillery; and Elder J. P. Meik, of Salt Lake City, who was a captain of infantry.

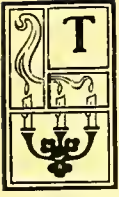
LITTLE KINDNESSES.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while,
That might have been wrecked without it.
And so for the smile and fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a heart for heaven.
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

The Monitor Magazine.

THE DWARF'S LOOKING-GLASS.



THOMAS and Jenny lived almost alone in a little house out in the woods. Their father was forest-keeper and wood-ranger, and had to be out almost all day long in good or bad weather, watching the woods or hunting game for the prince's table. The mother was dead, and there was nobody at home with the children, except the old grandmother, whose sight and hearing were failing. All day long she sat in the chimney corner, and kept spinning, when she was not occupied in the kitchen, cooking the children's scanty meals, or else she slept. Every other day Lizzy came up from the village bringing milk and bread and whatever else was needed; with that exception, weeks passed without a visit from any one.

In the summer the children did not mind that. Every day they went down to the village school, and their hearts were full of joy; the birds accompanied them with their cheerful songs; on their way they plucked flowers or strawberries, which they either sold in the village, or took as a present to their teacher. And when school was over, they were strolling in the woods rambling with their father, and spying out the young roes or the squirrels, and they had once seen a stately deer far away; then they gathered beech and hazel nuts, so that the time passed only too quickly all summer long.

But in winter it was oft quite gloomy; the woods were full of snow and the children had to stay at home, like two mice in their hole. Their father had often to go out, taking with him the dog, Ward, the fine spaniel, the children's only play companion. And even when father was at home, he was not very talkative; he laid on the bunk and slept, or he cleaned his guns. Grandma used to tell stories and

fairy tales, but she had told nearly every one she knew, and now she mumbled in a low voice to herself. Jenny would sit by her with her little distaff and spin too; but it was very lonesome, for all was quiet. Thomas tried to carve dogs, rabbits, and all kinds of wood figures, but they did not turn out as well as he expected, and he often cut his fingers, so that he got tired of it and quit. His favorite pastime was to gather wooden blocks and rocks, and build houses which collapsed with great noise; then grandma would put a stop to building operations. Then Thomas would say to himself in disgust: "How happy must rich children be! For instance the young gentleman who once drove through the village in a fine buggy, or the squire's children who can eat as much as they want, or even the gypsies' children who are allowed to go out as often as they wish."

One evening, not long before Christmas, the little house in the woods was especially quiet and gloomy. The oil in the lamp, which grandma made from the gathered beech nuts, had given out; the way to the village was so full of snow that Lizzy had not been able to come up. They could not even have the comfort of candle-light. Luckily the clear moonlight shone in the room, but the children soon dreaded the strange shadows which it cast in. Jenny pressed close to her grandmother, and Thomas too came closer, and cried with a loud voice: "Grandma, tell us once more a story, don't you know any more tales?"

"Not one, my dear boy, not one, I have forgotten all," muttered the old lady.

"But only one, grandma, that of the dwarfs of the stone quarry."

"The stone quarry! O yes! Wait a minute, sonny, I will collect my thoughts, and see if I can tell it right. There where the big quarry is, down in the hollow, the rock stood solid and straight like a wall,

not one stone had been broken, and in front of the cliff there was a green meadow under which the dwarfs dwelled; steps went down in the castle of the dwarfs' queen and there was a happy city down there. Then no hunter, no stonecutter, no woodman went into the woods, and on sunny days the dwarfs would all come up and enjoy the sun on the green moss, feast and dance and be very happy.

But people out on the lowlands began to build houses and came into the woods, felled trees, and brought out large rocks. The dwarfs feared for their dancing place in front of the beautiful cliff and for their city. In order to prevent people from breaking the cliff, the dwarfs would go in the wood during the night and dig big rocks out of the ground and bring them out to the edge of the woods. But people were not satisfied, they entered the woods, discovered the cliff, and blew the rock to pieces, so that the big stones tumbled with great noise down on the meadow. Then the pretty city of the dwarfs was laid in ruins and the dwarfs set up a great wailing; those who were not killed dug a way out into the woods. Where they now dwell, and whether they built another city, nobody knows. They have rolled many a rock away from their former city at night, but fresh ones keep falling, and every year during the night of St. Thomas they come to see how many rocks lie on the ground, and to him who rolls three rocks away in the night, the dwarfs grant whatever request he may make."

Thus spoke grandmother. It was long since she had spoken so much, and she was exhausted. Jenny was now really scared and cuddled up to grandmother, but Thomas, with burning cheeks and glistening eyes asked himself the question whether the dwarfs were still coming.

Then Ward barked outside, and the father came home from the woods, tired, cross, and almost frozen, he fumbled

around in the dark seeking something to eat—the old, decrepit grandmother, so often forgot to put away something for him—and finding nothing, he went hungry to bed. In winter grandma slept in the sitting room and Jenny with her; the father and Thomas slept in the bedroom close by. When the father could sleep at home he snored all night long, and nothing in the world could wake him up, except when a shot was fired in the woods.

This night Thomas 'could hardly go to sleep; it was not the first time he had heard the story of the dwarfs, but what grandma said, that they might come yet, he did not know before; his beating heart was filled with bold desire when he thought how he could brighten the dreary, gloomy, and lonely woods by means of the treasures of the dwarfs. And right now, too, two days only before St. Thomas'. The next morning he could not keep silent he had to whisper in Jenny's ear: "say, Jenny, day after tomorrow is St. Thomas' day, let us carry some rocks from the dwarfs' grounds!"

But Jenny looked at him with startled eyes: "Oh, what do you think, 'twas only a fairy tale that happened more than one hundred years ago; I would die of fright if I was to go out at night!"

Thomas thought girls were too silly for anything, although Jenny was older than himself, and he kept his plans to himself.

* * * * *

On St. Thomas' night the father came home early, and was soundly asleep even before grandma had put out the light. Thomas waited until Jenny slept, for he knew that grandma could not hear him even if she awoke. Soon all was quiet, he had not undressed; he pulled his fur cap over his ears and sneaked out. The dog had never known Thomas to go out alone, but he was too astonished to open his mouth, when Thomas caressed him in passing.

The moon was still shining and the woods were still as the grave. Thomas at first shuddered, but he shook off his fears, and went quietly his way to the well known stone quarry. There was no sign of life when he came in the hollow, but the split rock on which but little moonlight fell, presented a gloomy appearance. With unsteady feet he stole to the place which had once been the dwarf's playground, and where now laid a mass of large and small rocks. With trembling hands he grasped the largest he could lay hold of, and dragged them out.

"Hollo! who is there?" called a genteel, small voice, just as he had landed the last rock, and there in the only moonlit place of the hollow, stood a tiny little man dressed in green, who had thus addressed Thomas.

"Thomas, the son of the wood-ranger," he answered in the greatest embarrassment, taking off his cap as a mark of respect.

"What are you doing there?"

"Only picking out rocks, so that the dwarfs may come down again."

"It won't help much," said the dwarf, dolefully, "but it is very good of you, your work shall not have been done in vain. What do you wish?"

Now Thomas could not think of one of the many things he had wished for. He thought of a horse, to ride to school with; of a barrel full of oil, so that the lamp would never go out; of a sack full of apples and nuts—but all that was not worth while—"I wish me a big bag full of money," he finally stammered.

"Well, well," said the dwarf, "you know that already! What are you then going to do with the money?"

"Build in the place of our cabin a large, large house, larger than the forester's house," continued Thomas, getting bolder, "and a stable full of fine horses so that I may ride through the snow, and buy a new dress for Jenny, and a barrel full of

oil, so that we shall not be in the dark at night."

"Ha ha, what else?" said the dwarf smiling. "You shall build the house, but not in the dark woods; you shall go out in the world, but you need no horse for that; Jenny can get a new dress without your help and you can get oil in plenty yourselves if you will come to the quarry with your basket, when you can find beech-nuts enough to fill your lamp for two years, therefore I think that you don't need the money-bag in the meanwhile. You are too young for that."

"Alas!" said Thomas with dejected mein, "if it only was not so gloomy and irksome during the long winter, if we only had a nice picture book, when the evenings are so long!"

"Well," said the dwarf, "that can be remedied; cheer up, and go home. After Christmas I will visit you and see to it that you have a more interesting time. During the winter let your mind be at rest, nothing is done in vain for the dwarfs."

The dwarf disappeared, Thomas shuddered and stole home more uneasy than when he came out. He opened the door-bolt unnoticed and sneaked into the house, in to the bed-room, and into the warm bed, and dreamt of the dwarfs all night long. He did not want to say anything more to Jenny, because he did not well know what to think of the dwarf, although he awaited Christmas with hushed yet glad expectation.

* * * *

Christmas had come and joy had been brought to the cabin in the woods. The father had himself brought from the village as many apples and nuts as he could carry; grandma had found two nice pictures in her Bible, and presented the children with them, and in the morning, the servant girl of the chief forester's wife, who was god-mother to the children, had come and brought two splendid spice-cakes and a fine

new dress for Jenny, and a good warm sweater for Thomas. The father stayed at home and dressed a hare; they had not fared so well for a long while, but Thomas although he felt to rejoice, knew that something still better was yet coming.

* * * *

Night came again and all were asleep, but Thomas kept watch in his clothes, and was musing what his new friend might bring him to while away the gloomy winter-time when he heard a gentle knock on the door. With some trepidation he went down, and lost no time in opening the door to the tiny little man, dressed in green, who had nothing with him but a round, glistening piece of glass.

"Just show me into your bed-room," said the little man, stepping quickly and much more lightly than Thomas could.

He looked around in the old bed-room where not much was to be seen: the old bedstead, a rickety table with three legs, and a couple of chairs. The largest piece of furniture in the room was a wide, large wardrobe, which time had blackened, and which the children often used in playing hide-and-seek; there was in the back of this wardrobe a big, round hole, which inspired Jenny with dread, because it looked so black. The little man seemed to have selected this wardrobe; he slipped in through the door which was half open, pounded and worked in it for a while.

"There," he said, as he emerged out of it, "I have provided against lonely times, my boy, whenever time hangs heavily on your hands look into the round hole of your wardrobe, preferably in the morning or in the evening, when you are alone; adieu, my boy, God be with you!" And before Thomas realized what had happened the dwarf was out of the house.

Thomas did not quite understand what this meant, and did not venture to look just now in the wardrobe. He laid down by his father and went to sleep, trying to

make out whether the dwarf had spoken in jest or in earnest.

Next morning the father left home early; then Thomas could not longer keep silent; by the side of the deaf grandmother he whispered the story of his adventure to his sister, who one moment would smile incredulously, and the next moment would tremble with fear. Finally he persuaded her to make with him the first trial of the wardrobe on the same evening, and on that day time passed quickly enough for the children who were anticipating something marvelous.

That evening the father had not come home, and grandmother had fallen asleep; the children, burning with curiosity, stole to the wardrobe, and Thomas, stout-hearted, looked first into the hole where the dwarf had inserted the glass. O! what a bright light appeared before his eyes! He hurriedly drew the trembling Jenny near him, that she might see too. What a grand spectacle! The astonished children could hardly refrain from crying aloud. They beheld a large, spacious hall illuminated most gorgeously by means of golden sconces, but especially by a high, richly decorated Christmas tree, with hundreds of radiant candles. And the table near the tree was covered with the most beautiful things. Soldiers, cavalry and infantry in whole regiments, with canons and ammunition wagons, a whole stable full of little horses of every kind, magnificent colored picture books, and a quantity of beautiful toys, which the two children had never seen in their woods, beside small silver spurs and a riding whip, a gun and a sabre, a boy's splendid suit of velvet embroidered with gold—all these magnificent presents were arranged in the neatest order; close by were baskets and plates filled with the choicest candies.

"How happy the child which gets these!" exclaimed the children. Then the door of the hall was opened, and a pale, slim boy

of ten years entered, followed by an escort of finely dressed ladies and gentlemen. Thomas and Jenny were looking for a whole crowd of children to whom all these presents would be distributed; but no other came except the pale boy who looked at the fine gifts with some satisfaction, but without appearing much elated, while Thomas and Jenny pressed their burning faces against the looking-glass and almost devoured the gorgeous show with their eyes.

"Children, where are you?" called grandmother all at once. The children looked back startled, the vision disappeared from the looking-glass, and the old wardrobe looked again as if nothing had happened. But when the children sat around the little oil-lamp in the old, sooty room, it was to them as if they had dreamed; they were almost glad that grandma was so deaf, since they could chat together about the grand things they had seen, without being disturbed.

"What a pleasant life has the young gentleman," they often said. "If we only could have it like he has!" With this wish in their hearts, they closed their eyes in sleep, dreaming of the splendor they had seen.

Very early next morning Jenny stole into the wardrobe. Father did not come home, and they were at liberty to look into the wonderful glass. How much they desired to see once more the beautiful hall of last night. True enough, there it was in broad daylight, almost as grand as with the festive candles; all the splendid presents were still there, but in disorder, and the boy to whom they were given lay on the sofa, with some of his beautiful books scattered around him; he appeared tired and peevish. As the children were looking at each other astonished that a boy could not be pleased by so many splendid gifts, a door of the hall was opened and an old gentleman entered. The children heard his voice, not loud, but very distinct.

"Cross already, my dear prince?" asked the old gentleman. And yet you have so many things which would make other children so happy!"

"What other children?" asked the prince. "Other children are not alone, and I have already seen all my presents."

"But, you know, my dear prince, that we bring you company, when you desire it."

"Yes, company! what of it? The youngsters come and say, 'Good morning, prince,' and 'What have you got, prince?' They play with my toys, they chat and laugh together; then when they get tired of it they go, and I remain alone. I want to go out like other children!"

"But when you so desire you can take a walk or a ride."

"Alas, take a walk with you, or take a ride with a valet behind! No pleasure in that! I want to go out alone, wherever I want; I would rather be a gipsy boy than a prince!"

Before the astonished children could hear any more, grandma called them, and they crawled out of the wardrobe, and the vision disappeared.

* * * * *

How much had the children to say to each other today; they could not understand why the prince was so surly. "How merry we would be if we had such a fine lot of toys!" said Thomas, with a sigh.

"Yes, but we are not alone," said Jenny.

"Then rich children are amused only when they are not alone," philosophised Thomas.

"I would like to see tonight whether the prince is still there," said Jenny.

They chatted all day long, full of joy and of anticipation, hardly able to restrain themselves until they could stick their heads close to the looking glass.

This time the hall had disappeared, and in its place they saw a forest like the one they dwelt in, with a large, clear opening and a bon-fire on which a large piece of

venison was roasting; around the fire were a lot of tawny gipsies in rags, some playing a lively tune, while children were dancing and jumping in wild delight.

"How merry they are," remarked Thomas.

Pretty soon a young man arrived; carrying a big sack full of dried fruit, which he emptied on the ground. The children received him with shouts of joy and greedily feasted upon the fruit to their hearts' content, then they started to play all kinds of jolly, wild sports, in which Thomas would fain have taken part; he felt quite vexed when his father, who had just come home called him and his sister. The whole evening Thomas could not think of anything but the merry gipsy life; and Jenny was afraid that her brother might run away during the night and join the gipsies; he fell asleep singing the gay gipsy song which they had heard.

Early next morning before his father awoke, Thomas looked in the glass, not waiting for Jenny, who came in after

awhile. There was the same green clearing in the wood, but things did not look so pleasant. Morning had come, the fire had gone out, and there was a general stampede among the gipsies. Pretty soon the children saw a company of soldiers drawn around the camp, and finally perceived from the turmoil which arose, that the gipsies were made prisoners, being accused of theft and robbery. Yelling and howling the gipsy children were torn from their parents who were dragged another way. Thomas and Jenny could not look on any longer, but turned away from such a scene.

"There is your free life," said Jenny, "how would you like to be a gipsy?"

"Well," said Thomas, "I did not know that they stole; that does not go with an independent life!"

"Rich children," said Jenny, "are much better off, they don't all need to be alone like the prince."

(To be Continued.)

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

I.

My Dear Son:—

You are now 15 years old, an age in a young boy's life of great anxiety to his parents and of far-reaching importance to himself. What you do in the next five years will tell almost certainly what you are to be in after life. You can then imagine the care your parents feel every day and how thankful they are at night when you retire to rest, free from the evils of undesirable companions.

At your age, boys begin to form habits that give quality to their manhood in years to come, habits that determine whether they are to lead useful and happy lives, or whether they are to meet disappointment and feel in after life the sorrow of misspent

years. It is about some of these habits that I would like to tell you in this letter. In the first place, a habit is a part of our life. In it you find either joy or sorrow just as the habit is good or bad. Habits are not easily formed in the beginning. They require some effort, but as you acquire them, little by little they become daily easier and at last they become a part of your nature. The question, therefore, which your parents are asking themselves is, what habits are you now forming? I should like to number these habits and explain them to you, one by one.

In this letter I want to tell you about one of the simplest and yet one of the most important habits of life. It is the habit of the language you use. Of course, every

boy must talk and use words to express his thoughts and feelings; and though a word may seem a little thing, it becomes an index to one's inner life. It is just as easy to use good words as to use bad ones, if you are careful in the beginning.

In the first place, try to think, if you do not already do so, that about you everywhere and in whatever you do there are guardian angels who must be shocked and pained whenever you use words of profanity, anger, or vulgarity. Profane words are the language of a coarse, unrefined, and irreligious nature. It is rare that boys who swear are sincere and truthful. By swearing, they aim to appear what they are not, truthful and brave. As a rule, boys who swear are not only untruthful, but they are also cowards. They imagine that if they are noisy and blustering, people will be impressed by what they say. I do not think I need to reason with you to make you understand the evil effects of profane or vulgar language. Both of these words, profane and vulgar, might be used together; for if I heard a boy profane the name of God, I should feel sure that he would not hesitate to be vulgar whenever his vulgarity would not be rebuked.

Another thing about the habit of a boy's

language to be remembered is that it is better to speak correctly and politely than to use slang or bad grammar. If you do not know what words are best to be used and how to use them, inquire of those who can help you and listen attentively to the conversations of refined and intelligent people. You will find the practice of reading good books a great help to you in the choice of words and in the ability to use them correctly.

Again, it is a great help to a boy's language to be polite to his parents and his brothers and sisters. There is something about politeness that refines the feelings; and after all, refined feelings will in time find expression in refined language. Be careful, therefore, my son what you say. Never use words that you would be ashamed of in the presence of your parents, or in the presence of some intelligent and good man whose opinion you respect very highly. Genteel and pure language helps to make a genteel and pure man, so be careful of the language you use; and from now on aim to acquire the habit of speaking politely, correctly, and with purity of thought.

J. M. T.

AXIOMS RESET.

Love is good logic in any language.

All our yesterdays were once tomorrows.

The mark of a royal man is that he rules himself.

Malice is a terrible deadly gun—at the breech end.

The man with time to burn never gave the world any light.

Faith is not a fence about a man; but a force within him.

Many big sins have a way of getting in with mighty small keys.

Our worst enemies are the friends who have failed to find us profitable.

Withholding affection is one of the most wasteful economies in life.

The Lord is not a refuge for the man who is looking for a soft place to rest.

It's the man who hammers the church down who complains most that she does not rise.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY 15, 1906

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REAL ESTATE CLASSIFICATION OF FAMILIES.



RESIDENT Roosevelt in his recent message, with the usual persistency that characterizes his purposes, again calls attention to the dangers of the home by the absence of children, and suggests the desirability of obtaining more accurate information in order that the greatest danger to national life may be guarded against. His words give rise to silly jests, but the more thoughtful take seriously his admonitions.

The fact has been brought out that in many of the real estate agencies of the great cities where homes may be rented, they are classified according to the character of the families. A large number of the homes are rented only to those without

children. Another class permits one child; another, two; others specify both the number of children and their ages. Of course, landlords have the legal right to make such specifications as they see fit respecting the admission of children into the homes which they lease. Such a circumstance, however, gives rise to the question which has already been propounded in the columns of the INSTRUCTOR, Shall the Saints own their homes?

The modern and almost universal tendency, especially among the masses of the people is to rent. The evil of this practice is clearly shown by the growing demands of the landlord which either exclude children altogether from their homes or limit the number of children that may go into the rented house. It can not be imagined that parents are not influenced by such regulations, enforced upon them by landlords for economic reasons. Who can contemplate the serious gravity of a situation wherein a landlord becomes the arbiter of man's respect for the laws of nature and the laws of God, as well as the ultimate downfall of a nation upon whose people he places a ban on parentalism.

This growing tendency of landlords to classify the homes of the people and thus restrict the family life makes it necessary to warn again in the columns of this magazine the Saints against the undesirable relations of landlord and tenant. Such dangers as are here pointed out may not be so striking or so general as in larger states and cities, but such dangers are already apparent in Salt Lake City and in perhaps other of our more populous centers. If the Latter-day Saints make it a settled principle of their lives to acquire their own homes and to teach their children the

value, morally and economically, of the ownership of the home, we shall be safer from the evils that now come from the too prevalent relation of landlord and tenant. Young people should govern their pride and so restrict their vanity as to prefer a humble and unostentatious home which they can call their own to one more pretentious which, in time, will undermine their independence and self-respect.

Landlordism is a species of bondage in which the Saints ought never to be carried, a bondage, as we have seen, which may be destructive to the most sacred obligations of parents, and to the most important duties which men owe to their God. The saying attributed to one of the sages of our country that, "Fools build houses and wise men live in them," is one of those fallacies which is not only catchy but also perilous.

The teachings herein contained are not new to the Latter-day Saints; but the dangers of their violation have grown so much of recent years that repeated warnings of the dangers of renting must be brought home to the Latter-day Saints, or many will gather in later years the bitter fruits of their folly. Let the Latter-day Saints incorporate into the working principles of their lives the rule, "It is better to own than to rent."

PARENTAL SUPPORT OF SABBATH SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

In a recent communication to the Deseret Sunday School Union Board the following statement is made: "There appears to be a spirit among the people that the children who go to Sunday School can do about as they please, and if there is anything said or done to them for wrong conduct the pupils rebel and parents take sides with their children."

It is well known that the discipline of

the day school is in many cases much more easily enforced than in the Sabbath School, because of the authority which the law and the trustees give to the teachers. Parents have thus come to recognize the authority of the day schools as something fixed, and to which their children must render obedience if they are to continue their studies without the danger of expulsion. The case is somewhat different with the Sunday School. Most of the parents will agree that the spiritual welfare of their children is of no less consequence than their intellectual training; and yet their attitude toward the authority of the Sabbath School is different from that towards the day school, not because of any difference in the estimation of the parents, but because there has grown up an indifference in the minds of parents towards Sabbath School authority, and because there is a lack of pressure upon parents which in the case of the day school comes from the authority of the law.

Very serious consequences come to many young people in the Church who rebel against the authority of the Sabbath School, largely because the parents sympathize with their children when the latter experience dissatisfaction and displeasure about the Sunday School teachers. It may be that teachers in the Sunday School have not in many instances the same training that day school teachers possess, and that they are therefore not so competent either in methods of instruction or in matters of discipline as day school teachers; but in a child's life the question of respect to properly constituted authority is, in the end, of more consequence than his intellectual acquirements. The latter may be entirely lost to him if he becomes wayward, disobedient and defiant toward those in authority.

Parents should realize that the moment they yield to a child's disobedience in the Sabbath School and give countenance to his

objections to the authority of his teacher, they are sowing the seeds of a rebellion that will probably some day end in disobedience to the authority of the home and the Church. Parents cannot, therefore, be too vigilant in inculcating in their children respect for every properly constituted authority, both in the Church and in civil administration. Children should be carefully guarded against any resistance to or criticism of their teachers. The first step to a wayward and wicked life has often been taken by a child rebelling against the authority of a Sabbath School teacher, and the second step made easy by a father's defense of his child's disobedience. Children would better suffer some undue harshness than to be encouraged in their disregard of a teacher's authority.

The relationship of parents to the Sabbath School is one of such far-reaching consequences to the happiness and welfare of their children, and therefore to the welfare of the Church, that parents cannot be too careful about sustaining the discipline of the Sunday School. It is a matter which may constitute an important topic for discussion in gatherings of the priesthood, as well as in places of public worship. Ward teachers may very profitably inquire of parents about the latter's inculcation of respect in the hearts of their children toward the authorities of the Sabbath School.

A word of explanation may here be helpful to the authorities of the Sabbath School with respect to the methods of its disci-

pline. As a rule, teachers should exhaust all means at their command to control their students, and should not become petulant or hopeless because some students are unusually troublesome. In many instances the trouble with the children is an unusual restlessness, for which, perhaps, a vast amount of patience and considerable time are required. Sometimes students need the manifestations of a teacher's love and of his personal attention.

When, however, the disobedience or waywardness of a pupil baffles the teacher, and the case requires an appeal to higher authority, the appeal should first be made to the superintendent, who may be quite competent to adjust the difficulty within the Sabbath School. If the case is too difficult for him, he should appeal to the authority of the home; and if the parents do not come to the aid of the Sabbath School authorities, the Bishop of the ward should be consulted; for, as a rule, the root of the evil will in all probability be found in the home where the child had received his first encouragement to disregard authority.

Every Sabbath School superintendent should understand that inculcation of respect for the authority in the Church is itself one of the greatest ends to be attained by Sunday School instruction. If respect for authority is neglected in any of our teachings, the consequences to our children will be very serious, whatever their other opportunities for improvement may be.

WHO MADE THEM?

Mother, who made the stars which light
The beautiful sky?
Who made the moon so clear and bright,
That rises up so high?
'Twas God, my child, the glorious One—
He formed them by His power;
He made alike the brilliant sun,
And every leaf and flower.

He made your little feet to walk,
Your sparkling eyes to see,
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk,
Your limbs so light and free.
Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend who from above
So gently guides your way.



KINDERGARTEN



Edited By Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris.

THIRD SUNDAY, JANUARY 21ST.

THOUGHT FOR TEACHER: Leading from the physical to the spiritual.

1. Song.—The New Year.
2. The Lord's Prayer.
3. Hymn.
4. Song—Moon Song. (Hill, p. 54.)
5. Morning Talk.

Prepare your own talk. See how many of your children have noticed the moon and stars. What do they know about them? Recite to them the following:

Out of my window at night
I see a bright little star;
He's waiting to see me go to sleep;
His bright little eyes a watch will keep,
While a dear little bird on a tree close by,
Will sing me a beautiful lullaby.

6. Story.

Retell the story of Little Minnie, or Dust Under the Rug, emphasizing the beauty of the frost pictures made on the windows. Have the children watch for the frost pictures on their windows at home—the beauties of nature should always attract us; they help to make life happy. Frost pictures are only made on moonlight nights.

7. Song.

Learn first verse of Jack Frost song. (Patty Hill, p. 30). The other verses may be learned later if desired. This song may be used as a rest exercise.

8. Bible Story.

Review the story of the Birth of Christ up to the flight into Egypt.

9. Song.

Sing some of the songs you know which tell about Jesus.

1. Children's Period.

11. Closing Song.

Prayer. March out.

FOURTH SUNDAY, JANUARY 28TH.

Thought for teacher: Desire to arouse what is good, pure and noble.

1. Song. Choose.
2. Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song.

Moon song, or let the children choose one.

5. Morning Talk.

Take time to practice two or three songs. If you know songs about the moon and stars sing them and lead gradually from the lights we see in the night to the brighter light of day. The sunshine is not as warm now as it was in the summer or in the fall. We have to dress warmer now, why? We should all love the sunshine and have just as much of it about us as we can. We should have sunshine in our homes, in our hearts, in our faces. How can we get it there? See JUVENILE, Jan. 15, 1905.

6. Bible Story.

Review the life of Christ from the flight into Egypt as far as you have told it.

QUESTIONS AS HELPS FOR THE TEACHER.

Joseph and Mary remained in Egypt with Jesus until what happened?

When the angel announced the death of Herod to Joseph what did He do?

Why did they turn aside and go to Nazareth to live?

Compare the life of Jesus with the lives of other children. We supposed He played as well as worked. Perhaps He helped



THE BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

Joseph in the carpenter shop. What does the carpenter make? What have we at our homes that carpenters have made? When twelve years old Jesus went with His parents to the city of Jerusalem. Why?

How often was the Feast of the Passover held?

When Joseph and Mary had gone one day's journey on their return to Nazareth what happened?

After hunting for Jesus for three days where did His parents find him?

What was He doing in the temple? If your children have seen one of the temples call their attention to our temples of today or show a picture.

What did Mary say to Jesus?

Give His answer in your own words.

Why was Jesus always obedient to His parents?

Should all boys and girls be obedient? Why?

For this lesson see JUVENILE, Jan. 15, 1905.

7. Rest Exercise

I.

Clap, clap, all together clap, clap away,
This is the way we exercise upon a frosty day.
Nod, nod, all together, nod, nod away,
This is the way we exercise when teacher says
we may.

II.

(Snow ball.)

Throw; throw, all together, throw, throw away,
This is the way we exercise upon a snowy day.
Blow, blow, all together, blow blow away,
This is the way we exercise when teacher says
we may.

Sing the above to some simple tune.
Suit the words to the activity which should be appropriate for Sunday. Suit the activity to the kind of day you are singing about. Sunny, cloudy, snowy, rainy, muddy, frosty, etc.

In second verse instead of saying the words "Blow, blow," blow upon the fingers as if to warm them after snow balling, and then continue singing the words following.

as —, —, all together, —, —, away, etc.

8. Story.

Choose your own or let the children choose one you have told before.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing song and prayer.

11. March out.

LIGHT SONGS (CONTINUED.)

Whatever things a baby sees around
He loves to think by human ties are bound;
Whatever fills his heart he sees again
In life, as in a picture that is plain.
Parents, don't wound this sense of his to live,
By all the loving lessons that you give.
For doing only will important be,
And children live their lives out thoroughly,
When, clear and deep, the feeling thrills them
through,

Whose silent strength is moving Nature too;
That soft but faithful work in all they see,
Is a kind spirit moving hoveringly.
Thus inwardly at peace, on life they gaze,
And life with inner love their glance repays.

Lord.

The moon and stars are not so bright
that they dazzle one's eyes as the sun does.
The child reaches out its arms wishing to
grasp, with its hands, the lights of the
night, but the light of the sun is too great
to look upon. Sunlight brings life.

A little baby seeks the light,
Not with intelligent intent;
It is his native element,
And heaven-born instinct guides his sight.

All people should love the light and act
accordingly. The aim of Froebel's Light
Songs is to arouse what is good, pure and
noble within us. When playing in a flood
of sunlight children pay no particular at-
tention to it, but if by means of the illumi-
nated surface of a mirror, or of water in a
glass or cup, a small portion of sunshine
be reflected upon a wall which is opposite
the sun, but not shone upon, children one
and all, will cease their play and try to
catch, or at least to watch, the shining

spot upon the wall. Should a hand be
placed upon the bright spot there is sure
to be a surprise, for instead of being cov-
ered the "shine" comes on top of the
hand. It cannot be caught or held as a
flower, rock or book can be. Still the pic-
ture of it can be held in the memory just
as the picture of a beautiful sunset, the
face of a departed friend, or the recollec-
tion of a happy day can be held for years
and years.

We most do own what we own not,
But which is free to all,
The sunset light upon the sea,
A passing strain of melody,
Are ours beyond recall.

Early this truth to thy child must be told,
All things that charm him his hands may not
hold.

My darling, always remember that you must
not grasp everything you see.

The child wishes to test everything. He
must taste, hear, see and feel of things be-
fore he is satisfied. Very early, however,
the sense of sight asserts its supremacy.
In the sense of sight the nature of man as
a seer and discerner is symbolically de-
clared. "Hence you say to your child
'Through your dear eyes, my darling, I can
look into your soul.' Hence also we de-
mand of children that they shall use their
eyes aright. We bid them look before and
around them. We chide them for seeing
and hearing nothing. Our heart's desire
for the child is, that in the deepest and
most inclusive sense of the word he may
become a seeing being."

In the picture of "The Little Window"
(Motherplay Book), we see three children,
each interested in the light which shines
through the window. One child has made
for himself a little window of lattice work,
the second child is peeping at the sun-
shine through a small hole torn in a piece
of paper, while the third child, filled with
wonder, stands admiring the lovely colors

which the sunlight makes in the clear water which has been set in the window. "Look at the beautiful bright-colored circles and rays," she exclaims. "They are just like the rainbow and the dewdrops. Oh, Mother, how pretty they are!"

"What should more quickly attract and more strongly rivet the child's attention than that which is luminous and illuminating? He inhales the light as he inhales the air. Light is the atmosphere of the soul. Purity of heart is the illuminated summit of character, which wise men discern and wiser men achieve. Mother, exercise your child's strength that he may have power to climb this height. Father reach him from above your helping hand."

All children like to peep, through a pin-

hole and through the openings made by laying the slightly parted fingers of one hand across the slightly parted fingers of the other hand, or in fact, through any very small enclosed space. Froebel saw in this a symbolic import. He says, "In order that spiritual light may not merely dazzle it must at first enter the heart and mind, as it were, through chinks. Only as the spiritual eye gains strength can it bear the fuller blaze of truth."—*Blow*, p. 207.

As teachers in Sabbath Schools we should realize this truth. Let us strive to lead our children to see clearly what comes to them through their "little windows," thus preparing them for understanding, as they advance in years, the many great truths which await them, and to love with all their hearts the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN.



THE situation politically in Great Britain is one of peculiar interest to all the world. Perhaps no government is so universally watched as that of Great Britain, because her foreign diplomacy affects more or less all European countries. The average reader throughout the continent understands and studies British diplomacy next to that of his own country.

The situation just now is considerably mixed in consequence of the resignation of Mr. Balfour on the 4th of December. In a general way, England is divided into two great parties, the one Conservative, the other Liberal. Mr. Balfour belongs to the former party. But within each of these there are differences in political aims; and minor parties may easily dis-

turb the whole balance of power and by disagreements cause the overthrow of an existing government. The Conservative party is often spoken of as the Unionist, that is, a combination of the Conservatives and a class of Liberals who are opposed to their party on the Irish question, as well as in matters of leadership. On the other hand, the Liberals are made up of the regular English opposition to Conservative policies and of the Irish, who are demanding all the time Home Rule.

A short time ago, the Unionists were greatly disturbed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's agitation for a protective tariff that would discriminate in favor of the British colonies. Until his open demand for protection to British industries, England had been considered solid for free trade. He, no doubt, had considerable following, and yet the Conservative party, to which Chamberlain belonged, would not commit itself to his protective policies. Balfour himself

sympathized somewhat with Chamberlain in his program, but took no decisive action.

Recent elections in Great Britain have greatly weakened the Conservatives and shown the trend of political opinion to be rather in favor of the Liberals. When Chamberlain again began his activity, Lord Londonderry refused to remain any longer in Mr. Balfour's cabinets with Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who is supposed to be somewhat in sympathy with his father's program. Lord Londonderry's resignation, therefore, from the cabinet was the immediate cause of Mr. Balfour's resignation. The prime minister evidently saw the growing division among his cabinet ministers, and therefore placed his resignation in the hands of the king.

The methods of government in Great Britain are quite unlike those that prevail in the United States; and the present political situation in Great Britain furnishes an interesting study of the government of that country. Mr. Balfour, although going out of office, recommended to the king that he invite Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to form a new ministry for the Liberals. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was the logical man for the place, and the course of Mr. Balfour in recommending him was in recognition of a fact well known and appreciated by the Liberals themselves.

It was, of course, the honorable thing to do; but Balfour might have imitated the example of an illustrious predecessor and recommended Lord Roseberry, whose position is not so strong in the Liberal party at present as that of Sir Henry. Of course, the king would not have been obliged to accept Balfour's recommendation in such a case; but if he were in sympathy with the Conservative party, he could weaken the prestige of the Liberals by asking someone who would not be the strongest leader to form a new cabinet. That would greatly injure the king's influence and subject him to the accusation of being a

political partisan. Queen Victoria once did that upon the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, who resigned in 1880, and advised the Queen to send for Lord Hartington, instead of for Mr. Gladstone, who was the logical man for the place.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman having formed his cabinet, he will, of course, understand, that a new election must be called as soon as possible, because the present House of Commons has a majority of Conservatives, and with such a majority the Liberals could not carry on their government. If, then, the new election should turn in favor of the Conservatives again, the Liberals will have to step out of office and permit Balfour, if he should be the leading Conservative, to organize a Conservative government. In that event, the Liberals will have a very short rule.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a strong free-trader, but he advocates a very liberal measure of Home Rule for Ireland, in which he may find some opposition in his own party. Mr. Chamberlain will, of course do all that he can to defeat Sir Henry by the advocacy of his protection measures.

The Liberals may find some unusual difficulties. In the first place, they may lose the support of the Irish members if they do not put into their program the plank of a liberal Home Rule for Ireland. In the next place, the Liberals may experience opposition in the labor element. It will be remembered that there are now in the House of Commons forty-five members who belong to the labor party; and if this party should insist again on putting up its own members, it may draw very easily from the Liberal and make the Liberal party short lived in case it received only a very slight majority.

England has now its share of labor troubles, in view of scarcity of work and unsatisfactory condition of wages. The great manufacturing centers therefore may prove

to be a large and important factor in the coming elections; and if the labor party gains the strength that is predicted for it in some quarters, it will hold the key to the situation, and make terms with one or the other of the great parties which is prepared to render it the best services. The situation in England for the next few months will be watched with the most intense interest, for the British government has an important place in the foreign diplomacy of the world.

JEWISH MASSACRES IN RUSSIA.

THE New York *Independent* thus strongly but truthfully writes regarding the horrible massacres of Jews throughout Russia, and those most responsible for these terrible atrocities:

Past all pity is the condition of Russia. Who

are to blame for the horrible massacres of Jews? Who for the fierce fury of mobs let loose? There is only one answer. Those who sowed the wind must reap the whirlwind. At the bottom of it, it is those who have taught the people that are blamable for the lesson learned. And chiefly it is the church of Russia, which has failed to understand the gentle religion of its presumed Master. The Jews would not have been murdered if Christian priests had not taught hatred and bloodshed. If the church pretends to be the great teacher of the people, the standard bearer of the truth, it must be known by its fruits. Instead of that, the Russian church, as too often elsewhere, has been the guilty partner of wealth and power, and has excused where it has not seduced to crime and cruelty. What a shame it is that for the defense of liberty and justice we must leave the church and go to leaders who hate the church as the tool of tyranny. A curse is on a church that kills Jews, and many thousands of Jews—men, women and children have been slaughtered by Christians—such Christians!—in these last few weeks.

HONOR YOUR FATHER.

Always be kind to your father, boys,
He cared for you many a year;
He watched and prayed and counseled you,
Full of hope, and pride and fear.
He held your hand when a little child,
And guarded you with great care.
Be patient and loving and kind to him,
Now that age has frosted his hair.

Now he looks to you for comfort, boys,
Don't let him look in vain;
Consider well that you let not fall
A word that might cause him pain,
Perhaps he is feeble, and old and bent,
Who once was so straight and tall—
Then honor your father; remember, boys,
The command was given to all.

Always be kind to your father, girls;
He has loved you all your life;
To him you owe love and gratitude,
He has toiled 'mid storm and strife;

He looks at you with loving pride,
In your features your mother's can trace—
Nothing on earth is more dear to him
Than his daughter's smiling face.

Meet him with smiles and a look of love,
And give him a sweet caress.
Let him see and know that you honor him—
In the future such actions will bless;
He may be unlettered, toil worn and poor,
Let no slighting word e'er fall,
But honor your father; remember, girls,
The command was given to all.

So, boys and girls, as you go through life,
Be happy and blithe and gay,
He loves to hear your merry laugh,
It cheers him upon his way.
There's a time to play and a time to work,
At any time griefs may befall—
But honor your father, boys and girls;
The command was given to all.

Annie Malin.

THE MEN OF THE HOUR.

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

SHAKESPEARE, in the above statement, presents three distinctly different classes of individuals. The first class may be said to inherit greatness from their forefathers. They may belong to the royal family, whose greatness, in many instances, lies chiefly in social distinction, and is not due to that marked degree of individuality which goes to the making of a truly great man or woman.

The second class represents a type of character to my mind very much to be admired. Not a type of the passive variety, not one who is willing to let well enough alone, but one who sees existent wrongs and seeks to right them. To begin with, he may be of the so-called ordinary class. He may occupy a humble station in life. His environments may not be conducive to social eminence or productive of any great degree of prominence. He may find himself in the lower strata of society, so far as influence goes. His worldly position may count for nothing, and it may be a difficult matter, indeed, to force himself upon the attention of his fellow men. But if he has in him the elements of true greatness, he will ultimately rise from his obscurity, and men will observe that he has more than ordinary intelligence, and learn that there is something within him that, after all, may be worth developing and bringing out. Such a man has the strength of his convictions. He is no moral coward. He is not a policy man. He is a free and independent thinker, and acts according to his best judgment. He is aggressive, not passive; active, not slothful; observes conditions about him, and makes the most of his opportunities to become somebody. He is not a dreamer, does not behave himself unseemly, but

weighs well right and wrong, and being desirous of the former, exerts all his energies to this end.

The third type of manhood may be said to be closely allied to the second. He may be a good man with an abundance of theories, but with hardly force enough to carry his plans into effect. He may have social standing to help him, and with this backing he finds himself slowly ascending the ladder of renown until, by and by, he reaches the topmost rung and is called great. This man might be said to be of the conservative class. He sees wrongs, but is too cautious to endeavor to right them. He may fear the shafts of criticism and therefore refrain from doing that which he would like to. He has not the strength of his convictions, and if he becomes great it is not through any fault of his, as many like him have gone to their graves practically unknown, unhonored and unsung.

Here, then, are the three distinct types of character. We see them in the daily walks of life. The first often has little more than the name. Of such are kings, princes and members of the royal house. They are content with the greatness of their rank, and seldom seek to become great by achievement. They revel in luxury. The world and the things thereof are theirs to command. They have no cares, so far as these things are concerned, and often spend their time to no advantage, either to themselves or to their fellow men. Such individuals are too often great only by birth. They come, they go, and the world is no better for their having lived.

The men applauded today are they who by their own efforts achieve greatness. They are of the Roosevelt, Folk and Jerome type, men doggedly determined to right wrongs at whatever cost; men who act; men who do things, and assert themselves

for the right regardless of the influence of wealth or power. Such men plunge into the sinkholes of corruption and drag before the bar of justice those who by their acts deserve punishment. They are fearless in the pursuit of evil-doers, in high places or in low. They know no respect of persons, having but one object in view, and that to discharge faithfully whatever duty may devolve upon them. Such characters live long enough to make friends of their worst enemies; for despite their prosecution of wrong and wrong-doers, their fearlessness and unflinching integrity, in the long run win for them the plaudits of their fellow men. America today is developing many such individuals. A new school, so to speak, is springing into existence— young men who believe they have a mission to perform, and who by their fearless, aggressive, dogged determination to suppress evil and rid communities of evil-doers, let none escape, be they high or low, bond or free. Such men are needed.

the world over. There is a great and growing demand for civic righteousness. From the east, the west, the north, the south, come reports of maladministration, both public and private. "An age of graft," is the expression heard throughout the land, and men with force of character, men of principle, are needed to place themselves in the breach and speak out for better things.

Who wins in life's battle today—, the slothful, indifferent youth, or the one who believes in doing things and does them intelligently? Why, the latter, every time. For what reason? Because he uses his brain, and is thus enabled to grasp his opportunities and act upon them with success.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

Alex. Buchanan, Jr.

HELPS AND HINTS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE following extract is taken, by permission, from "The Blackboard in Sunday School," by Henry Turner Bailey, State Supervisor of Drawing of Massachusetts. W. A. Wilde Co., publishers, Boston and Chicago:

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion. BURNS.

Among all the workers for the coming of the kingdom of God, none, perhaps, ought to be held in higher estimation than faithful Sunday School teachers. As a rule, they are among the busiest people in the world, every hour of the week filled with crowding duties, every volt of energy required to do that which their hands are

forced to do by the conditions of our congested life. Yet these, who most need a Sabbath of rest, cheerfully devote that day to teaching, give to their classes their best thought, and patiently continue year after year a self-sacrificing service, without remuneration, perhaps without a word of encouragement or appreciation.

It would be cruel to add one straw to the burden such men and women are carrying, especially by a word of harsh or cold criticism. But sympathetic criticism is never unkind. The truth, spoken in love, and the truth only, will enable us to see ourselves and our work in clearer light and move us to self-improvement. Teaching is an art. Do we know anything about it? Our grandfathers thought they were teaching when forcing children to commit

to memory, hence in that day the Biblical text was emphasized. Pupils were required to "learn by heart" verses, paragraphs, whole chapters of the Bible—a chastisement which, no doubt, often seemed grievous to the pupil, but which afterward did yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who were exercised thereby.

With the introduction of the "lesson helps," a more objectionable method began to prevail. The quarterly supplanted the Bible. People gave heed to the cunningly devised fables of the commentators, which fostered disputes. They became morbid about questions and strifes of words, as unprofitable and vain as they were in the days when Paul warned Titus to avoid them. The old drill upon words gave place to babblings about words, and the method of the scribes was again triumphant. Is that the method we are following? If we are not, we are exceptions, for that is the method, or more accurately, the lack of method to be found to-day in more than nine classes out of ten. Current practice will be found sadly wanting if tested by those five common-places of modern pedagogy so well exemplified by the teachings of the Master. Let us see.

I. Learning is dependent upon interest and attention. How completely this principle is ignored by teachers, who invariably begin the lesson the same way and never change the order of procedure. No one who knows children can blame the wide awake boy of twelve who says, "I just *hate* to go to Sunday School. It makes me tired! It is always, 'Open your papers to the lesson for today. What is the subject of today's lesson? What is the golden text? Now we will read the verses, beginning with Jack.'" Is it any wonder that our words seem to them like idle tales and that our pupils learn nothing worth learning? Such stereotyped formalism would wear out the saints of the Most High! The

physiological psychologists assure us that a child cannot hold his attention upon a dead thing more than three-fifths of a second. Without attention no thinking, and without thinking no learning. Attention depends upon interest. Talking to people who are not interested is as futile as pounding cold steel. To make an impression, metal or mind must be white hot. Interest may be developed in many ways, but there is no surer way than to make use of a blackboard. To the average boy, only a man with a live animal is more interesting than a live man with a blackboard.

II. Ideas must be taught by means of their appropriate objects. Is this principle ever considered by teachers who depend solely upon printed matter? Primary ideas can never be acquired by means of words. A word is merely a conventional name which people have agreed to give to a certain sensation or relation. Unless that sensation or relation has been perceived, the word conveys no meaning. A child knows what is meant by the words "lemons are sour," because of his own experience with lemons; but "*nespoli are dolce*" means nothing to him, nor will an explanation help him much. He may be told that the best nespoli grow in Corfu, are a cross between a peach and a pear, and that *dolce* is an Italian word—pronounced *dol-chee* and meaning sweet; but after all, he is only more elaborately ignorant. Let us not deceive ourselves into the belief that a child "knows his lesson" because, in reply to our question, "what is manna like?" he replies promptly in the words of Holy Writ, "like a coriander seed, the color of bdellum."

Herein is the fundamental reason for the use of the sand table, oriental objects, models, and when these cannot be had, relief maps, pictures, diagrams, anything which will help to make clear the meaning of the words. And here is another

justification of the blackboard in Sunday School. A rough sketch of a Galilean house will make clear how the roof could be broken up and the paralytic let down at the feet of Christ. The plan of the tabernacle, or its construction, the arrangement of the courts in the temple, the location of the "inner prison," are incomprehensible without a drawing.

* * * *

Children will glance at a printed plan and straightway forget it, whereas a plan evolving itself before them, wall by wall and room by room, will fascinate the mind and engrave itself upon the memory!

III. Never tell a pupil what he may wisely be led to see for himself. All mental growth comes through *self-activity*. A physician could not develop one ounce of muscle in the arm of a sleeping man, though he worked that arm for three score years and ten. No more can the teacher develop mental power in his pupil by thinking for him. A teacher who prepares the lesson and recites it to the pupil is not teaching him. The lesson which prints a question and follows it with a printed answer is no real help. By hook or by crook the *pupil* must do the thinking if he is to learn. Teaching is occasioning and directing activity in another mind.

Of course, a question may be the means of occasioning self-activity, and other questions may direct it; but the asking of questions to start a definite train of thought leading inevitably to a convincing conclusion, as Christ so often did, is a fine art which few have mastered. To require the pupil to find in the Bible a reference which contains a correct answer if he will but think, is a practice which should be encouraged. It necessitates a certain amount of self-activity, but the activity is intermittent, and its result is evanescent. A blackboard, however, if skillfully used, will not only start but sustain and direct thought as nothing else will. Every line, every unfi-

ished word or sentence, generates a question in the pupil's mind. He watches, he wonders, he wants to know, he thinks, he concludes for himself.

* * * *

IV. Proceed from the known to the related unknown. Let us apply this along one line only. One reason our teaching produces fragmentary results is that it is fragmentary teaching. It is not line upon line, precept upon precept, it is line *after* line and precept *after* precept, here a little and there a little of another sort. Our lessons are arranged in these days in an orderly way, one related to another; but when we begin our "preparatory review," when we search for last Sunday's "line" that upon it we may lay another, behold it is not; yea, it is as though it had not been. The mind of the average Sunday School pupil seems to be like the traditional bog near almost every village—the place without a bottom—into which rubbish has been dumped for generations with no apparent effect. The chief reason for this is that we do not teach, we tell; and because we do not teach, the pupil does not know. If we could but *teach*, if by means of objects, pictures and the blackboard, we could lead pupils to think for themselves, they might come to know some few things, and we might then have a "known" from which to proceed. We have the same, "in one ear and out the other," but not "in one *eye* and out the other."

V. Correlate with the life of the pupil. What does the child care about the revolt of the ten tribes or the repairing of the temple, or the woes upon the Pharisees? Primarily nothing. These topics are as foreign to his thought as the problem of evil or the law of the correlation of forces. His only possible interest must come through association. If he has revolted from authority at home or at school, if the meetinghouse in the village has been extensively repaired within his memory, a

wise teacher may be able to excite his interest in similar experiences of people long ago. The boy may be led from his own quarrel with his companions as to who should be president of the boys' club to that of the disciples as to who should be first in the kingdom of God; and from the effects of wild companions upon himself to the effects of similar companions upon Rehoboam, the son of Solomon. The "personal application" often belongs at the beginning of the lesson rather than at its close.

But in a broader sense our teaching should be correlated with the life of the child. That life is a life of shows and symbols. Children live in the realm of the imagination. They are forever "play-

ing things"—the girls are housekeeping or visiting or keeping school in their doll world; the boys are hunting or riding horseback or scalping Indians or keeping store or building huts. "Sentimental Tommy" and the children who charm us in "The Golden Age" are not exceptional except possibly in degree. The wise teachers will not forget all this in teaching. For the child whose favorite rock with its mosses and bits of pottery is a palace, or whose broomstick is an Arab charger, and whose tenpins are soldiers, the symbols of the Christian faith sketched upon a blackboard are more real than chapters of the Bible and more effective than sermons.


Collected by W. A. Morton.

THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.

The glorious Gospel message came to me
 When but a boy, in England's far-off land;
 And then I wondered why so few could see
 The Gospel, which to me was truly grand.
 The God of heaven, as in days of old,
 Had sent a message to the sons of men,
 To gather Israel to the Gospel fold
 And to establish Zion here again.
 His servants, like the men of Galilee,
 Who left their fishing at the Master's call,
 Declared the truth, in sweet simplicity;
 They, too, to follow Him, had left their all.
 With great delight I heard the words they said.
 The Spirit testified that they were true;
 The Holy Scriptures, which they often read,
 Seemed like another book—the light was new.
 How plainly did the ancient prophets see
 That man would try to change the Gospel plan,
 And dwindle down into apostasy,
 Reject the Gospel for the creeds of man;
 When priests and people all would go astray,
 Cut off communion with the heav'ns above,
 And claim the promised blessings done away,
 Divine for money, which they dearly love,
 The sum of all religion here below—
 An empty form without the Priesthood's power,

But God has sent commissioned servants now,
 They preach repentance; 'tis the eleventh hour.
 Prepare the way, for soon the Lord will come
 To usher in the great millennial reign,
 And scattered Israel will be gathered home;
 This glorious message filled my soul with joy.
 In it I recognized the Master's voice;
 I then resolved, though but a stripling boy,
 With all my heart, that day to make my choice,
 To follow Christ through all the way He led,
 And begged that He would lead me to His fold,
 That with His chosen sheep I might be fed
 The bread of life, more precious far than gold.
 Now, more than sixty years have passed away
 Since first I recognized the Master's call
 And made a firm resolve, that day by day,
 I'd follow Christ and give my heart, my all,
 To His blessed service, and for evermore
 Renounce the world and all its sinful ways,
 And to be numbered with His chosen poor
 And persecuted Saints of latter days.
 I now am years beyond three score and ten,
 And still I love the choice made in my youth,
 And, though in weakness, with my tongue and pen,
 Have ever tried to advocate the truth.

Wm. W. Burton.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXIII.

Spirit of Love, O whither
Hast thou been wandering forth?
Say, dost thou find a resting place
Among the sons of earth?

* * * * *

Amid the rude commotions,
The tossings to and fro;
Say, canst thou find a sure abode
In all the world below?

ELIZA R. SNOW.

**Hard Work. Jem Resists a Great Temptation
and Proves His Friendship and Loyalty to
Carl. Times Brighten.**



"T'S awfully dull and lonesome here now!" said Jem, just after the excitement of the Christmas holidays had subsided. "I almost wish Ted could be here again to read to us, it would make our work easier."

The little boy was shoving up his sleeves and looking at a great stack of dirty dishes which had been accumulating for the last week or so, and thinking what a long, monotonous task lay before him in the washing and putting neatly away in the cupboard, all those plates, cups, spoons, pans, buckets and everything. Carl remembered his mother's teachings about care and thoroughness in housekeeping, of which dishwashing was an important part, and Jem knew he must not slight any portion of his work.

Carl looked dismal, too, after Jem's discouraging remark, and turning to the pile of leather, trimmings and shoemaker's tools which he must get to work with at once and in earnest, he answered:

"Nothing would make our work easy now, Jem, after we have neglected it so. We do not need reading to listen to, or anything else to draw our minds from our work. And if Ted were here to grumble at the poor fare we are having after living so high for a few days, I don't think it would make things any more pleasant for us. We must work with all our might now, until we get caught up with our work, then we can read to each other and improve and interest ourselves."

The two boys talked but little after that for some hours. They just worked and worked as hard and as fast as they could, scarcely noticing each other, but each busy with his own thoughts.

In the afternoon, Jem brought in what eggs he could find, only a few, however, and Carl asked him to get ready and go to town with them, and take home some work he had finished off.

Jem was glad of the chance to go to town, where he would see some one and perhaps hear something enlivening.

Frisk enjoyed the trip to town as well as did his little master, leaping and barking gaily at Jem's side.

The eggs were to be taken to Grandma Rafton's, and after disposing of Carl's work and receiving the pay for it, Jem went straight to the Rafton home. He went round the house and knocked at the kitchen door, where the red, smiling face of Miss Aurd greeted him.

"Well, Jemmy, how lucky that you have come today instead of Carl! Come in, you are wanted here, said Miss Aurd. Jem wondered and walked in. A very

spruce looking gentleman was sitting there in Miss Aurd's kitchen.

"This is the little singer you heard at the school entertainment and have been inquiring for, Uncle Mark, he is Jemmy O' Lang," said Miss Aurd.

"Very happy to know you, young gentleman; hope we shall like each other and become good friends," said the man, in a pleasing voice. He shook hands with Jem in a friendly way, too, and the child felt himself drawn very close to the pleasant gentleman. He looked up with an innocent smile, and the man continued to speak, still holding the boy's hand.

"Wouldn't you like to get pay for your singing, instead of having to work for a living?" the man asked.

"I think I should like that very much," answered Jem frankly.

"And would you like to travel and see the world?" asked the man.

"I have traveled about the country a good deal," Jem replied. "I think I prefer having a home to being obliged to travel."

"Oh, yes! you could have a home all right," said the man. "You could soon be so rich that you could have a home wherever you would wish to, and as nice a home as you would want. You could have whatever you thought of and would wish to buy."

Jem thought of a great many things in a moment that he would like to buy right then. He asked, "How long would it take me to get that rich?"

"Not long, with that voice of yours," said the man, and his eyes twinkled brightly as he looked into Jem's.

"Not long!" Jemmy thought, not long till he could be rich enough to buy anything he wanted, and what a lot of things he could do for Carl and Ted, and Aunt May Rafton, and everybody, oh, he could help all the world!

"Where would I sing, and what would I have to do?" he asked eagerly.

"You would go with me and be my boy," said the man. "We would go all over the world, and I would instruct you with regard to your singing."

"I should have to leave Carl, then," said Jem, and he thought of how mournful Carl's great blue eyes would look if he should mention leaving him all alone again, and how very lonely and sad it would be for his dear friend to be so left.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do it, I couldn't!" he said resolutely.

But the man did not readily give up the idea he had conceived of taking the little singer away with him. He coaxed and flattered and tried in every way to convince Jem that it would be the better way for him to go where he could make a fortune quickly with his voice, instead of staying in an obscure place like Berryville, and working hard all his life.

Jemmy, however, proved himself a hero. one that could appreciate a friend such as Carl had been to him, and growing eloquent in his praise of the boy shoemaker, won the admiration of Miss Aurd and her Uncle Mark, even more for the great love he showed for his friend than for the gift of song which he possessed.

Then the gentleman, who seemed to be something of a "showman," wanted to buy Jem's pretty, playful, intelligent dog. But Jem said no, and so did Frisk as plainly as he could. The man declared that the dog had partaken of his master's fine nature, and was as true to him as he had proven to his friend.

The conversation with the "showman" was a good story for Jem to repeat to Carl, which he did as soon as he reached home, and very interesting to the shoemaker the way his friend told it.

It was then the two boys began to realize how much they were to each other, how strongly they had become attached, even in so short a time. And because of the love and confidence which they found

existed between them, they felt the clouds of loneliness and depression which had made their burdens seem heavy, lifted from their souls, and they became strong and hopeful.

L. L. G. R.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LETTER BOX.

A Letter to a Little Boy.

THE WORLD, December 24, 1905.

MY DEAR LITTLE CLARK:

This Christmas eve is cold and dark,
But I could not pass you by, for anything!
So here I come, and all these nice things bring
For one of the best and dearest little boys.
You will not play too rough and spoil your
pretty toys,
Nor eat your sweetmeats up too greedily,
Or they will disappear too speedily,
And you will be ill; let mama dear take care of
them,
And give you at the right time a proper share
of them.
May you have a joyous Christmas and a New-
year bright and gay.
Excuse this hasty writing, as I'm passing on
my way.

Papa or mama, grandpa or grandma
Will help you to read your letter,
And it may show you how to learn
Your little lessons better.
Uncles and aunts will read and kindly explain
to you—
May every day and every year bring happiest
gain to you.
And now, indeed, I must be off,
And here no longer pause.
Good bye, dear Clark, think sometimes of
Your loving

SANTA CLAUS.

Answer and Charade.

LINDSAYVILLE, BEAR LAKE CO., IDA.

I have been interested in the charades. I think the answer to Lily's in December 15 is John R. Winder.

I also have a charade for some of the children to guess.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 16, 8, 14, 11, is the name of a wild beast.

My 1, 12, 9, is a common noun.

My 6, 2, 14, 13, is something useful to man.

My 5, 2, 7, 13, 8, 6, is a color.

My 7, 2, 4, 8, 5, is a boy's name.

My 1, 15, 10, is an animal.

The whole is a celebrated American writer.

FRANKLIN D. LINDSAY, aged 15 years.

Testimonies.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I love to read the letters and stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I have been healed many times by the power of the Lord through the administration of His Elders. I have also had my prayers answered many times. And I have seen my sister restored to health when all our folks had given her up to die. These were testimonies to me that God lives and hears and answers prayers. I like all our meetings and schools, and try to help my teachers all I can. I hope all of us will prove faithful unto the Lord.

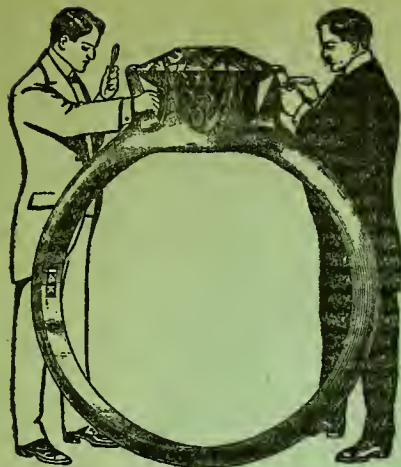
NETTIE J. McDONALD, aged 10 years.

Note.

Dear Children.

If you have all spent a happy Christmas and pleasant New Year's day, I am glad of it, and hope for you many blessings all through the year just opening. One of my fond hopes is that we shall all improve very much and be able to show it in the improvement in our department in the INSTRUCTOR. Many mistakes have occurred in our work of the past year, let us all try to avoid such things in the future as much as possible. For instance, a little letter has sometimes been sent with no name signed to it, charades without the answers to them, and other similar marks of carelessness. Let us all try to be more correct.

L. L. G. R.



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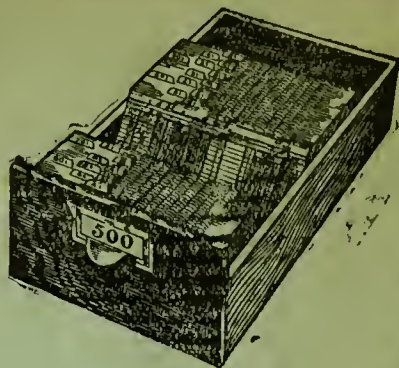
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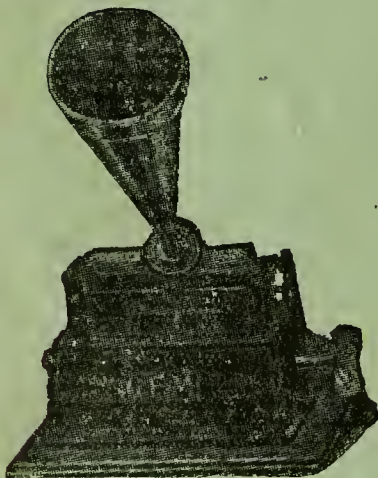


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